TRAYTEROVS

Percyes & Cateſbyes Proſopopeia.

Written by *Edward Hawes*, Scholler at Weſtminſter a Youth of ſixteene yeeres old.

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Reuerendiſſimo in Chriſto Patri, *D. T. M. Durhamienſi Epiſcopo, Eduardus* Hawes diſcipulus Weſtmonaſterienſis, anni *redeuntis felix auſpicium, totiuſq; vitæ curſus & progreſſus proſperos exoptat.*

ECce, adfero tibi (Reuerendiſsime Pater) ſtrenularum loco rudem quandam *Proſopopeiam*. Quæ autem Res in literis & verſiculis conſcribendis duæ plurimùm poſſunt, eæ contra me ambæ aut effectu aut defectu eſſe videntur: nempe: Inuentio & Iudicium. Hæc ingenium craſſæ ſterilitatis, illud Adoleſcentiam imperitæ & puerilis audaciæ incuſat; quòd opuſculum tam puerile & nugatorium, tenuiq; ex Minerua prouenieus, tanto & tam literato Præſuli offerre audeat. In his autem anguſtijs me plurimū recreat & reficit tua virtus, clemẽtia, & in omneis potiſsimùm bonarum artium ſtudioſos ſpectata & ſingularis humanitas. Quomodo enim abſterreret dignitas? cum multis humanitatis ſymbolis inuitet bonitas; quæ non donum, ſed donantis animum, non artem, ſed voluntatem intueri ſoleat. vt igitur craſso ingenio indulgeas, vt temeritati (ſi qua ſit) ignoſcas, vt has præſentes pueritiæ meæ primitias venturi anni fœlici auſpicio ampliſsimam tuam Reuerentiam congratulantes æqui boniq; conſulas, non ſolum oro, ſed exoro. Quod ſi Grauitas, quod ſi Dignitas, quod ſi Humanitas tua nunc *catorthoſi* velit, capram cœleſtem orientem me conſpexiſſe dicam. Deus optimus maximus tibi tuiſq; non tantum inſequentis anni curſum, ſed etiam totius vitæ curriculum proſperum & fœlicem reddat. Vale.

Tuæ Dominationis obſeruantiſsimus
Alumnus, *Eduardus Hawes.*

Eduardus Hawes VVestmonasterienſis,
16. annos natus, Lectori candido S. D.

QVæ mea Muſa poteſt teneris quæ contulit annis,
Muſa refert, ſterili carmine muſa refert.
Proſopopeia canis puerilis carmine capius
Tramite quam lubrico proditor ipſe meat.
Quanta pericla ſubinvolens, quem Numinis ira
Diuini ſubito concutit, atq; rapit.
Gratum opus a toto diuiſis orbe Brytannis
Hybernis populis, Chriſticolæq; Gregi.
Accipe quod poſſum, mea ſic deuincta tenetur
Muſa, tuam numeris concelebrare fidem.
Zoyle, ſic vites incidere dente nouellas
Deſine, ſic Bilem Mome relinque tuam.

The ſame in Engliſh.

Edward Hawes, a Scholler of Weſtminſter, 16. yeeres old, ſendeth greeting to the *good-mynded Reader.*

VVHat my ſkill can, and what vnto young yeres
Learning hath dealt, in barren verſe my muſe
Proſopopeiz'th, in verſe of childiſh heares;
What ſlippery tract the Traytor vile doth vſe,
What dangers willing he doth vndergoe,
Whom Gods iuſt wrath doth quickly ouerthrow.

A worke of Grace to *Bryts* from world deuided,
Vnto the Iriſh, and to the Chriſtian crue.
Take what I can: ſo ſhall my ſkill be tyed,
In verſe to render thanks and prayſes due.
So *Zoylus*, ceaſe the tender vines to byte,
And *Momus* to put off thy rancour quyte.

Yours, *Edward Hawes.*

Trayterous Percies and Cateſbies

Proſopopeia.

OF late, ſince Treaſons face vnmaſked was,
And rumors 'gan throughout the ſtreets to flye,
Wondring, and ioying at things that came to paſſe,
And wearied much, to bed I did apply:
Where ſleeping, me dreames ſuddēly affrighted,
Obiecting ſhapes of things that were recited.

With hideous noyſe hels mourh, me thought, 'gan rore,
And bloudy Treaſon was the ſong I heard,
The ſound of trecherous practiſes before,
With threatning Eccho made my Ghoaſt afeard:
But in a winke mine eyes were ſoone conuerted
To that ſame place, which ſhould haue bene ſubuerted.

And on the top thereof I being ſet
With quaking limmes, and eyes amaz'd I ſtood,
And briſtled hayres: on eyther ſide ſtraight met
Two Monſters ſkulles, which neuer plotted good,
Grim, gaſtly, pale, ſhag'd-hayre, ſulphured eyes
Pearcing the ayre with howlings, yells, and cryes.

Vnder which heads two ghoſtly ſhapes did ſit,
With aſſhy colour, vgly ſprites in ſight:
Their eyes did ſtare, like to a franticke wit,
Which in nought elſe but outcryes doth delight.
Neyther of them mans ſhape did repreſent,
But like grim Furyes by blacke *Pluto* ſent.

The one like to a fiery Dragon ſeem'd,
Whoſe hiſſing ſting the very clouds did PEARCE:
His tayle with burning coales engrau'd I deem'd,
His tuſks and clawes like to *Proſerpins* ſearce;
His eyes like *Gorgons* ſparkes of fire flam'd,
That *Ætnaes* forge they ſeem'd to countermand.

The other Ghoaſt of diuers formes conſiſting,
Like barking *Cerberus* did my thoughts afflict,
But I the ſame with prayers ſtill reſiſting
And godly courage, did that feare conuict.
A monſtrous CAT, a ſpotted Leopards ſhape:
A Tygers tooſh in Wooluiſh mouth did gape.

On eche of theſe whole ſwarmes of Vipers hung,
Who with their ſtings did ſtill diſturbe their reſts,
And crawling Snakes, with Horſeflyes them ſo ſtung,
Like Vultures gnawing on their bloodleſſe breſts;
That with their groanes they made the clouds reboũd,
Ayre, earth, and ſea, their ſhrikes did ſeeme to wound.

At laſt, with lightnings from the Southerne Pole,
And thunderclaps heauens axeltree 'gan crack,
And bluſtering *Æolus* with his breath did role
The maſsy clouds, all maſking them with black:
Earthquakes & whirlewindes, ſnow with hayle cõpact,
Was the beſt muſike that brought on the act.

All

All full of dreadfull doubts, with ſuch aſpects
Encompaſſed, I ſtood as one amaz'd,
But longing much to ſee what ſtrange effects
Would thence ſucceed, by faith my ſpirites rayſd
Did ſummon me to liſten to the doome,
Which ſeemed from the Dragons mouth to come.

I might perceiue that this firſt dreadfull Ghoſt
To *Pearcyes* hayry ſcalpe did faſt apply
It ſelfe, as one from *Pluto* ſent in poſt,
The ſame with plaints, and threats to terrifie:
Which thus with horrid voyce, did yell, and cry:
Inough to ſkarre the ſimple ſtander by.

Percyes Ghoſt.

Thou curſed braine, inuenter of deſtruction,
Thou priſon-houſe of tribulations plot,
Thou groſſe reiecter of inſtruction,
For miſchiefe made, and not for better lot;
Which haſt thine owne proſperity betrayd,
And me thy ſoule in helliſh ſorrow layd.

Curſed be thou, thou cauſe of all our curſes,
Sometimes the manſion of an heauenly eſſence,
Thou ſinke of ſinne, which all corruption nurſes,
Thou Sathans bulwarke waſt, and ſinnes defence,
Thrice moſt accurſed ſkull, blacke ſorrowes friend,
Making a heauenly ſoule, a helliſh fiend.

A ſoule, a ſoule ſometimes of heauenly eſſence,
But by thy brayne inuenting deſolation,
Now vtterly depriued of Gods preſence,
And thus enthralled vnto helliſh nation,
Therfore the Deuils ſconce thou waſt, a ſinfull ſhrowd
Of Treaſons lore, and machinations proud.

Angels with earthly mindes aſpyr'd too high;
So curſed were, and loſt their firſt eſtate;
So vnto torments caſt, therein they lye,
And muſt for tyme without an ending date.
Why didſt thou not their ruyne recognize,
Before thou 'ganſt this wicked enterprize?

Why didſt thou not remember curſed *Kayn*?
Whoſe hands imbru'd in guyltleſſe brothers blood,
Was for that fact condemn'd to endleſſe payne,
And euer ſince worlds gazing ſtocke hath ſtood.
If this example thou hadſt layd to hart,
Nor thou, nor I had felt this ſhamefull ſmart.

Or couldſt thou once forget the puniſhment
Performd on *Korah* and his complices,
Who but with words did grace their bad intent,
Charging their Prince with wrongfull practiſes?
For which offence, before they could rebell,
They and their brood were ſwallowed quicke to hell.

Cateſbyes Proſopopeia.

Out of all doubt, if thou hadſt thought vpon
This hard ſucceſſe of Traytors in their ſin,
Or if thou hadſt but had opinion,
That God enſnareth Traytors in their gin,
Then hadſt thou ſure ſuch helliſh plots refrayned,
Wherewith for aye both thou and I are ſtayned.

How couldſt thou thinke that he which ſits on high,
Viewing the hearts of all the ſonnes of men,
Vnfolding all, and the leaſt ſecrecy
Whereſoeuer, what, by whom deuiſ'd, and when,
Would any way thy plotted Treaſons fauour,
But in due time with ſhame requite thy labour?

If onely *Abels* blood did cry amayne
From earth, whereon it was ſo guiltleſſe ſhed,
And neuer left, till it had entertayne
To bring a iudgement on the Traytours head:
How couldſt thou thinke, or at the leaſt conceaue,
That God thy fact would vnauenged leaue?

If one mans blood did thus for vengeance cry,
If priuate blood ſuch iuſt auenge obtaynd,
How much more then in endleſſe paine ſhal ly
The man, with blood that Realmes and Cities ſtaynd?
The wretch, that in one moment plots the fall
Of Trueth, of State, of people, Prince, and all?

Could heathen *Philip*, King of Macedon,
Proteſt that Treaſon was to him a gayne,
And yet the Treaſon-plotters euery one
With iudgement caſt to hate, reproch, and payne?
And couldſt thou dreame, thy PEARCING *Protaſis*
Of a lamenting *Cataſtrophe* ſhould miſſe?

Firſt Actor led with prey of blouddy hope,
To renouate the pride of Romiſh Church,
With ſtrong deluſions doth that Monſter Pope
Bewitch the weake, and wicked leaue in lurch.
With hope of honour he doth wanton pride,
Of endleſse ioy, the wicked fooles deride.

Hence might thy vile, and blouddy braine haue drawne
The perfit map of Popiſh pedigree,
Which is derined from the Deuils pawne,
Falſly forgiuing ſinnes for curſed fee.
So did the Serpent mother *Eue* beguile,
With hope to be as God within awhile.

So doth the Pope ſuch ſilly fooles deceaue,
That they ſhall ſtrayt be Saints canonized,
If they the King, Queene, Prince, of life bereaue,
Or worke ſome feate that Gods Church may be troubled.
By merits title they intice to murder,
And by the ſame bring all things to diſorder.

Before

Before That man of ſinne bore ſway in Rome,
With triple Crowne, and fayned holineſſe,
Traytors were puniſht with a mortall doome:
The Lawes were iuſt, ſuch Plotters to redreſſe:
But now, what Lawes of God and men abhor,
Your holy Father will giue warrant for.

Now ſeeſt thou feeling, with what ſtrong deluſion,
Popiſh perſwaſions doe præcipitate
All Treaſons-plotters to confuſion,
Whereof for haſte they craue an antidate,
Drawing the ſame with cords of wilful blindnes,
Requiting loue with manifold vnkindnes.

What did bewitch, that thou couldſt ſo forget
Iehouahs loue, his iuſtice, power, and might,
Wherewith he tangleth Traytours in the net,
And them with ſword of iuſt reuenge doth ſmite?
Hereof examples thou hadſt very many:
But not regarding, didſt not credit any.

Oh that thy Countryes loue could haue reſtraynd
Thy wicked heart from plotting ſuch a woe,
Whereby with horrour all had bene diſtaynd,
With outcryes, rage, and blouddy ouerthrow.
But all remorſe was from thy heart exil'd,
When wicked hopes thy iudgement had beguil'd.

Oh that the bounty, loue, and cheerefull face
Of King, of Queene, of Prince & eche degree,
For pity could but haue procur'd a place,
To fauour them that well deseru'd of thee!
But graceleſſe Impe, ſuch graces to forget,
And ſo thy ſelfe in endleſſe ſhame to ſet.

Or oh that after ſuch a damn'd reſolue,
And knowledge had of all thy proud pretence,
Thou couldeſt then with melting heart reuolue
The mortall horrour of thy foule offence;
Then with repentance thou hadſt bene reſtor'd:
Thy blooddy plots with teares had bene deplor'd.

Then though thy body had tormented bene,
Though torne in ſunder with Tormenters hand,
I thy poore ſoule this horrour had not ſeene,
Enthralled thus to be in helliſh band:
For God in time repentance doth accept,
When ſinfull wayes of men he doth detect.

But when repentance is ſo baniſhed,
That proud defence of deteſtable act
Is vſed by the party blemiſhed,
Which rather ought to haue confeſt the fact;
Tell me what hope of helpe can then be left
Vnto the ſoule of iudgement ſo bereft.

Thus

Thus by thy fact I occupy the vault
Of hell, wherein is no redemption;
Thus ſtand we both condemned for one fault.
As I, ſo thou ſhalt feele the like correction.
Though for a time the iudgement be deferred,
Yet, thou muſt know, the ſame is not auferred.

Abide thou there (thou Spectacle of Treaſon)
The Rauens of the vale pluck out thine eyes,
And teare thy locks; till the appoynted ſeaſon,
I will not leaue to vexe thee with my cryes.
And as I now doe feele the pangs of hell,
So both at laſt in endleſſe payne muſt dwell.

Oh that my cryes might prooue a preaching voyce
To all that ſhall like villany intend:
Then of their plots they would make better choice,
At leaſt repent in time (if they offend.)
But they that are in ſin as thou waſt hard'ned,
Who knowes not that they neuer ſhall be pard'ned?

No ſooner had this Monſters thundring throte
Declar'd this Plea of threats & Treaſons doome,
But ſuddenly was tun'd a harſher note,
And miſty clouds did dimme the ſiluer Moone;
And then, me thought, the Scalpe that there did ſtand,
Vnto the Ghoaſt gaue helliſh countermand,

With flaſhing flames, and with ſulphurean ſmoke,
With brimſtones breath, gunpowder vomiting,
So much as might the gates *Tartarean* choke,
And ſtop the mouth of *Cerberus* his yelping:
That ſo more eaſy paſſage might be made
For anſwere of the ſcalpe, which thus was ſaid.

Percyes head anſweres his Ghoaſt.

Art thou my Ghoſt, which makes this proteſtation?
Away from me; thou art in leaſt eſteeme.
I neuer thought that ſpirits had ſuch faſhion,
But alwayes did them ſenceleſſe creatures deeme.
I neuer thought of God, or natures lore,
Sinne to auoyd, or wickednes deplore.

A brayne I had conceyting cruell plots.
And what did I reſpect Religion,
Since nothing fell into my luckleſſe lots,
But what might worke a generall confuſion.
What was deuiſ'd, but Countryes Monarchy,
Euen in one day to make an Anarchy?

Doſt tell me now of Deuils, God, or hell,
All which I did eſteeme as fables?
Of ſuch conceipts I haue heard preachers tell,
Yet I their words did ſtill regard as bables.
Hence came it that I ſet my ſelfe at large,
To execute what Atheiſme gaue in charge.

Why

Why then (poore ſprite) what meanſt thou thus to dote?
I neuer did regard Religion:
But alwayes ſtood to ſing the higheſt note,
'Mongſt them that loued ſuperſtition;
And that but for a faſhion, I proteſt,
Till to my will Religion I might wreſt.

All my deſire was blooddy maſſacre.
I car'd not ſo that ſome way worke I might.
So thirſted I to be a gouernour,
That countryes care and good was baniſht quite.
So I might doe it, and not therein be ſeene,
What cared I for King, or Prince, or Queene?

Not yet eſpide, with ſauage reſolution
Of Treaſons hart I forward went amayne,
To muſter forces for the execution
Of wicked purpoſes: but all in vayne:
For being knowne, to flight I was inforced,
And by the ſtrength of enemyes vnhorſed.

Yeeld I thought folly, repentance I abhord,
Death I ſaw wayting, and torments were prepar'd.
What ſhould I do, but ſtand at poynt of ſword,
More ſpeedily to taſte of iuſt reward?
So wounded I in body, choſe to dye,
Rather then yeeld my ſelfe to curteſy.

Heauens I knew did lothe my cruell mind,
Becauſe their lawes ſo wilfully I broke,
With Prince nor people fauour might I find,
For whom I had deuiſ'd a deadly yoke.
So thus in ſinfull courſes obdurate,
At once I loſt all hope of happy ſtate.

Repent I could not then, tis now too late.
Death hath his due, and Hell for his doth thirſt,
And *Cerberus* doth ſtill keepe ope Hels gate,
To entertayne all thoſe that be accurſt.
Though heere awhile I placed am to wither,
Yet ſure I am ere long to tumble thither.

Goe tell the damned Fiends that I am comming;
Bid them prepare their Inſtruments of horrour,
To make me muſike; for I muſt a mumming
Vnto that Lake, that Lake of endleſſe dolour.
Thou canſt not vexe, nor trouble me with cryes,
Though with thy roaring thou ſhouldſt teare the ſkyes.

In thy returne if thou canſt poſsibly
Declare vnto like Traytours, that remayne,
Thy gaſtly lookes, with helliſh miſery,
That by repentance they may ſhun the payne:
Then ſhall thy ſhrikings be of ſome effect,
Though wretched I cannot the ſame reſpect.

With

With that, the Ghoaſt in miſty murmur garded,
Swifter then lightnings all in flames of fire,
From preſence, whither I know not, departed,
And leyſure had I none for to inquire,
By reaſon that the other Monſter by,
Thus ſuddenly with helliſh throate did cry.

Cateſbyes Ghoaſt.

Canſt thou, O Caytiffe, lye in ſilence deepe,
Not rowzed once with ſuch a meſſenger,
As hath awakte proud *Peryes* Scalpe from ſleepe,
And is return'd to Hell a paſſenger?
Could not his murmur, threats, & roring noyſe,
Enforce thee once to vtter forth thy voyce?

But like an Adder, doſt thou ſtop thine eares,
Reiecting ſuch a Charmers Harmony?
Could neyther threats, nor gronings wring ſome teares,
To pitty his ſoules woe and agony?
Then let me try, which haue chiefe intereſt
In thee, thy ſoule, which once thy corps poſſeſt.

What? can thy lookes all piety exclude?
Cannot the ſhame of vgly fault take place?
Can neyther woe, nor yet laments intrude
Some ſparke of pitty in thy brazen face?
Then with hels threats, & Treaſons puniſhment
Thy ſtaring eyes, and deafe eares Ile torment.

Torment, sayd I? How is that possible,
Since stony death already hath thee seaz'd,
And that most iustly for thy Treasons horrible,
And so thou thinkst that death is fully pleas'd?
Senceleſſe, and stony thou didst seeme aliue,
When against God & nature thou didst striue.

All men do sinne, but all not obdurate:
The godly, though they sinne, are penitent,
Their hearts do melt to waigh their wofull state,
Seeing themselues inclin'd to sinnes intent.
But they that do not so, are dead in sinne,
Though they do gold, and worldly credit win.

For as those things doe beare a glittering show
Of pleasure, which dead sences doth benumme,
So suddenly they worke the ouerthrow
Of men, whose hearts they can but ouercome.
This is that death of life, and lyuing heere,
When as of grace no remnant can appeare.

So stood the state with thee, whilst thou didst liue
On earth, whom no examples could perswade:
But thou wouldst still to sinne thy members giue,
To learne at full the bloody Traytors trade;
'Gainst which thogh thou didst see *Iehouah* bent,
Nor dread, nor loue, could alter thine intent.

Catesbyes Prosopopeia.

I will not tell thee forraigne historyes
Of Traytors shame, wherwith they were requited,
Nor will I renouate the memoryes
Of holy writ, except thou hadst delighted,
With more effect them dayly to peruse.
A good restraint to them, which mischiefe muse.

But I will set before thy dazeled eyes,
In brief, the things which thou thy selfe hast seene,
How treason cloakt with manyfold disguise,
Against *Elizabeth* late royall Queene,
Was notwithstanding in due time discouered,
When ouer her the Traytors purpose houered.

Had the late Northern Rebels good successe,
Which with religions cloake in armes assembled?
Felton, which did himselfe a friend professe?
And *Norton* too, which piety dissembled?
Or carping *Campion* in sinne so eloquent?
Or *Babington* for innouations feruent?

Did *Tichburns* treasons scape the touchstones tryal,
Or all the rest of that conspiracy,
Though they at first did make a strong denyall
Of Treason, and intended mutiny? (learn'd,
All they were found: & hence thou mightst haue
Nothing so secret, but shalbe discernd.

Could *Parry* proud, with parricidian arme
Reſolue to kill That Royall Virgins Grace,
But needs with trembling ioynts he muſt forewarn,
That vile and blouddy Treaſon was in place?
Hĕce learn thou mightſt, that Princes haue ſuch power,
That mighty Ioue defends them euery hower.

Or could that *Lopus*, that ſame crafty Woolfe,
Which priuily with *Mago* had conſpir'd,
To ſwallow vp That Lambe in poyſons gulfe,
And thereunto with great rewards was hyr'd,
Eſcape vnſpide? No, no: though he alone
Did it, and had reueal'd it but to one.

Not three dayes ſince, I met Earle *Gowryes* Ghoaſt,
Hauing receyu'd a charge from *Luſifer*,
Fleeing with ſpeed vnto the Scottiſh coaſt,
There to denounce ſuch doome as I auerre:
Thou knowſt that *Bothwell*, *Gowry*, and the reſt,
Euen in the act were taken, and ſuppreſt.

Couldſt thou forget, that *Rawlyes* raw deuiſe,
Cobhams, or *Grayes*, that plotted was in rage,
Of late intending their Soueraigne to ſurprize,
Reuealed was before the perfit age?
For which they lye condemned in the Towre,
Expecting Execution euery howre.

Since

Since theſe examples could not thee aſtoniſh,
When Treaſons motion vnto thee was made,
Since loue, nor Law, nor doubt could thee admoniſh,
But in the flouds of ruine thou wouldſt wade:
What can be ſayd, but this? In depth of hell,
Aliue on earth thou then beganſt to dwell.

Thy heart then ſuch as could not once afford,
When in thy miſchiefe thou waſt ouertaken,
One ſigh, one teare, or one repentant word,
Which of thy ſorrow might haue bene a token;
What can remayne to thee, but helliſh fire?
Their guerdon iuſt which deſperately aſpire.

Whereof thou ſeeſt already me poſſeſſed:
As thy forerunner I haue led the way;
In ſorrowes vault I am through thee diſtreſſed:
Though for a time thy doome be heere to ſtay
A while, a gazing mirrour of ambition:
Yet thither thou muſt rowle with expedition.

This other Ghoſt had thus no ſooner yeld,
But by and by was heard a thunderclap,
Moſt terrible. I ſate ſtill, and beheld,
To marke the iſſues of the after-crack:
From *Cateſbyes* Scalpe I then diſcer'nd a ſmoke
Of deadly ſtinke, whereout the Seull thus ſpoke:

Trayterous Percyes and

Catesbyes head answeres his Ghoast.

Infernall Haggs) what meane you thus to howle?
With shrikes and cryes, me to awake from sleepe?
Dare you presume my valour to controwle,
Which whilst I liu'd could not lament, or weepe?
No, not at that blooddy resolution,
Which would of State haue made a dissolution?

Art thou so simple, fooliſh Ghoſt, to thinke,
That I regard what thou dost threat, or say?
Had I but armes, or engins, in a winke,
Then shouldst thou see how many I would slay.
Bloud I did thirst for, and in that thirst I dyed,
Because in time my thirsty iawes were tyed.

Enuy, and blooddy rage, with hope of gayne,
Had so possest me in security,
That therein I did obstinate remayne,
In life, and death: true token of obdurity.
Were euer men as, *Pearcy*, thou, and I.
In sinfull cause, so resolute to dye?

Our hopes were great, no lesse, then at our will,
To haue the lawes, the people, Prince and realme,
With spoyles our cursed fauorites to fill,
To rid the land of true Religion cleane?
Heerein some fondlings count me but a foole,
But then I durst set *Machiuell* to schoole.

Thou

Thou, ſilly ſoule, examples doſt produce,
Which could not me reforme: for *I* was blind.
Of mercy, loue, and trueth, I made no vſe,
That wallets part I alwayes caſt behynd:
Like them, which ſee their neighbors dy to day,
And yet do thinke themſelues ſhall liue for aye.

And like the fond, and fooliſh Marriner,
That though before him he doe ſee the Sirts,
Swallowing the fellow ſhips, a follower
Yet will he be, when ſafety him begirts;
With ſtrong ſuppoſe, to paſſe that danger by,
But is deceiu'd, and wrackt: euen ſo was I.

What then remaynes for thee, but to be packing,
(Infernall fury) late a liuing ſoule?
My perſon muſt a while from hell be lacking,
Againſt the Iudgement I am ſet in rowle.
The time appoynted heere I muſt remayne,
And then to thee be ioyn'd in endleſſe payne.

An helly-day in hell let Fiends proclayme,
To greet two Monſters ſculs, that tumbling come
From *Theater* of their ambitious ayme,
Deceiued by that helliſh man of *Rome*:
Two foote-balls fit to make the Deuils ſport:
So are the reſt that are of their conſort.

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3.

With that, awaking, I lookt round about,
As one amaz'd, or from some vncouth place,
That had now scapte, not freed yet of doubt,
In silence plung'd, I lay some houres space,
Not seeing Ghoast, or Scalp: for they were fled,
Leauing me halfe affrighted in my bed.

But when my sences were to me return'd,
And feare of dreadfull sights was abrogate,
I longed till the vision was adorn'd
By my rude Muse, which dares not arrogate
More to it selfe, then young vntimely yeres
May seeme to clayme, as by the style appeares.

Whereof, if you (Right Reuerend) shall accept,
With fauour to my young and vnripe age;
Then shall I say, A happy sleepe I slept,
And *Morpheus* thank, that thus appear'd on stage;
And in my prayers, whilst I liue, perseuer,
That God will gard the State and you for euer,

The King, the Queene, the Prince, and all the rest
Of their high Line, and Princely generation,
That they with life successiue may be blest,
To sway the Scepter of this happy Nation;
And to this end confound all forraigne foes,
And in due time all Trechery disclose.

FINIS.

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